

PLAYING NAZI SOLDIER, 1944

marching stiff legged
thru vacant weed
infested lot kicked
pitchfork prong deep
under big toenail
& sitting ever so
gingerly, tears blurring
the ugly details
of war, made my
first covenant
with God.

CAT LADY

the cat lady
of Del Paso Heights
is wrinkled, stooped,
raggedy poor &
pregnant with purpose.
she's stepmother
to hundreds of cats
sharing food &
affection as she
wheels a cart thru
her neighborhood
7:30 each morning.

SOMETHING LIKE A PRAYER

don't pray
to God much
anymore but
when I'm hung
over & dying
I sometimes
whine, god, oh
god, oh god
holding my
ugly, stinking
aching head
which is
something like
a prayer.

FINDING MYSELF

sometimes dress
four or five
times before
finding myself

then get lost
driving to work
hands on wheel
mind wandering

among pine &
aspen quaking
in spring wind
90 miles away

BE SOMEBODY

Karl & his party
buddies used to
have a saying:
let's get drunk
& be somebody!
now with wife
& two kids
Karl can't keep
a job, plays wife
off against his
mom, needs a
bottle to hold
his chin up.

MOLE

mole Doc
cut from
my back
tested bad.
so gotta
hurry, go
see him
at noon,
let him hack
some more
on my back.